

THE CAROLINA SPARTAN.

BY F. M. TRIMMIE

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Bill Arp Returns to the Eternal City and Meets his Friend Big John.

Editor Metropolitan Record:

I have not up to this time made any remarks in public about the trials and tribulations, the losses and crosses, the buzzards and dead horses seen on our journey home to the eternal city. I shall not aloud to it now, only to remark that our comin back were not so hasty as our leavin. It was in the dead of winter, through snow and through sleet, over creeks without bridges and bridges without floors, through a deserted and desolate land where no rooster was left to crow, no pig to squeal, no dog to bark; where the ruins of happy homes adorned the way, and ghostly chimney stacks stood up like Sherman's sentinels a guardin the ruins he had made. A little one hos concern contained the highth of my worldly possessions, consistin of my numerous and lovely wife and children, and a shuck basket full of some second class vittels. Countin our offspring there was about ten of us in and about and around that wagin, thus illustratin what the poet has sed, "one glorious hour of crowded life is worth an age without a name," though the glory were hard to pursueve on sich okkashuns. Mrs. Arp are of the opinyun that her posterity were never as hungry before in their life as on that distressin journey, and she once remarked that there want nary rod of the road that didnt hear some of em a hollerin for vittels. My wife's husband is troubled bekaus they aint broke of it yet, and it do seem that the poorer I git the more devouring they becum, all of which will end in sumthin or other if sumthin dont happen.

We finally arrived within the presinks of our lovely home. The doors creaked welcome on their hinges, the loopin bug cherrup on the hearth, and the whistlin wind was singin the same old tune around the bedroom corner. We were about as happy as we had been miserable, and when I remarked that General Vandiver, who occupied our house, must be a gentleman for not burnin it, Mrs. Arp replied—"I wonder what he done with my soing masheen."

"He didnt cut down our shade trees," sed I.
"My buroes and carpets and crockery are all gone," sed she.
"It may be possibal," sed I, "that the Genral—"

"And my barrel of soap," sed she.
"It may be possibal," sed I, "that the Genral moved off our things to take keer of em for us. I reckon we'll git em all back atter while."

"Atter while," said Mrs. Arp like an ekko, and ever since then when I alloud to our Northern brethren she only replies, "atter while."

By and by the skattered wanderers begun to drop in under the welcum shades of our sorrowful city. It wer a delightful enjoyment to greet em home, and listen to the history of their sufferings and misfortunes. Misery loves company, and atter the misery is past there's a power of comfort in talkin it over and fixin up as big a tale as any body. I wer standin one day upon the banks of the injun river, a wonderin in my mind who would come next to gladden our hearts, when I saw the shadder of an objek a darkuin the sun lit bank. It wer not a load of hay nor an elephant, but shore enuf it wer my friend Big John, a movin slowly, but surely, to the dug out landing on the opposite side. His big round face assoomed more latitood when he saw me, and without waitin for remarks he sung out in a voice some two staves deeper than the Southern Harmony—

"There came to the beech a poor exile of Erin."

"Make him fee," said I, "and you'll fill the bill." Prouder to see him than a monkey show, I paddled the dug out over in double quick and bid him welcum in the name of the eternal city and its humble inhabitants. I soon got him afloat in the little canoe, and before I was aware of it the water was sloshing over the gunnels at every wabble. "Lay down, my friend," sed I, and he laid, which was all that saved us from a watry grave, and the naboorin farms from inundation. When safely landed I found him wedged in so tight that he couldnt rise, so I relieved him by a prize with the end of the paddle. As his foot touched the sakred soil he gently separated his countenance and sung with feeling melody,

"Home again—home again—from a furrin shore,
The Yanks may cum and the devil too but I'll not run any more."

Recollektin some skrap of blank verse myself, I said with aksent, "Tell me thou swift of foot—thou modern Asabel—Oh tell me where is thy chariot and steer? Where didst thou go when I did see thee drivin like Juhu as we did fee for life?"

"I'll tell you all' sed he, "I want my frends to know it. I'm now a man of war, Bill, and I'm glad of it. I've done the state some servis and she knows it. I've handled guns—yes, guns—weepins of deth. I've slept on my arms since I seed you—night atter night hav I slept on my arms, with hundreds of deadly weepins all around me. Ah, Bill, Patriotism is a big thing. When you once breake the ice, great sluices of glory as big as your arm will just spring up like mushrooms in your buzzum; and make you feel like throwin your self clean away for your country. Let me set down and I'll tell you all I know, Bill, but as the feller said in the theater, "when you in your letters these unlucky deeds relate, speak of me as I am—nothin expatiate nor set down hot in malice."

"Jest so," sed I "exaktly—exaktly so—Prosed, my hero"

"Well you see the night after you passed me, my steer got away. Hang the dese-evin beast! I hunted smartly for him the next mornin, but I hunted more forreds than backwars. Leavin my wagin with a widder woman, I took it afoot across the country by a settlement road they called the "cut off." Devil of a cut off it was to me. I broke down in site of a little log cabin, and never moved a foot further that day. The old man had a chunk of a nag that worked in a slide. I perswaded him to haul me to the end of the cut off, and I know he done it for fear I'd eat up his smoke-house. Every now and then he'd look at the old oman, and she'd look at the smoke-house and then at me. But that slidin business were the most orfullest travellin that I ever had. Every time the pony'd look back he'd stop, and when he'd start agin he give such a jerk that my contents were in danger. My holt broke on one okkasun, a goin down a hill full of gullies. I rold some twenty feet into the edge of the woods, and catch up agin an old pine stump that was full of yaller jackets. Three of the dingd things stung me before I could rise, but I got through the cut off and fell in with some empty wagns that was stamped in my way.

"Gittin on to Athlany, a fool Irishman stoped me right at the edge of the town and demanded my papers. I didnt hav no papers. Nobody had ever axd me for papers but he wouldnt hear an argument. As Quarles would say, he wouldnt fine is-shue, but marched me to an ofis, and I didnt stay there ten minutes. I wer sent off to Dekatur with some fifty conskript who were all in mournin, exsepin their clothes. I never seed sich a pitifal set in my life. I talked with em all, and that was nary one but what had the dyspepy or the swinny or the rumaties or the blind staggers or the heaves or the humps or sumthin. Well, there want none of us discharged, for there was bran new orders callin for everybody for thirty days to go to the ditches. As I couldnt walk that far, I was ordered to Andersonville to guard the prisoners. At Makon I met an old akwaintance, who was a powerful big officer, and he had me transferred to his department and put me in charge of his ordnance. There's where I handled guns, Bill, and slept on my arms. Whole boxes of muskets was around me, and I didnt no more mind taken a snooze on a gun-box than if it had been a couch of fethery down. Its all in gittin used to it, Bill—all in the use."

"Jest so," sed I, "that's the way I see it—exaktly so, my friend. Prosed."

"It's blamd lucky, Bill, that I didnt go to Andersonville. They would have had me alongside of Wirz, either as principal or witness or sumthin, and some lyn Yank would hav had a swear or two at me about shootin him on the dead line. Before this my carcass would have been eat up by worms or cut up by Doctors, and my pikter speid all over a whole side of Harper's Weekly as a monster of deth."

"Well, I kep handlin guns and bayonets and dangerous weepins, until one day I got a furl to go to Rome. Sherman was playin in base around about Athlany, and so I had to circumfience around by way of Selma, and the very day I got there, everlastin blast em, the Wilson raiders got there too. I wasent no more lookin for them Yankees in Selma than I were for Beelzebub, and both of em was all the same to me. Blamd if they wasent shootin at me before I knowd they was in the State. How in the dickens they missed me I dont know, for their minny bells sung yanky doodle all around me and over me and under me and betwixt me."

"I tell you, Bill, I run like a mud turkey, lookin ahead of me at every step to find an easy place to fall when I was plugged. An old woman overtook me, and I axed her to take my watch and my money. She took em in a hurry and put em in her boozum. Well I found a gully at last, and rold in kesplish, for it was about two feet deep in mud and water. The infernals found me there jest at night; and got me out at the

pint of the baynet. They marched me to the wolf pen and there I stayd till the fuss was over.

"Right here, Bill, I want to make an observation. There was a feller with me when I was catch'd, and I seed him make a sorter of a sign to the captain, and they turned him loose in two minutes, and he jest went about anywhere as nateral as a king, while I had a cross-eyed dutchman standin over me with a baynet grinmin from mornin till night. There was some Free Masonry about that, Bill, and if another one of these fool wars comes along, I'll jine em, if they'll let me."

"But I'm at home now for good, I'm gwine to stay here like a fine die. I'm agin all wars and fightins. I'm opposed to all rows and rumpusses and riots. I dont keer nigh as much about a dog fight as I used to. Now, if one could always see the end of a thing'n advance and the end was all right, I wouldnt mind a big fuss, but then you know a man's fore-thoughts aint as good as his hind sights. If they war, this war wouldnt hav broke out, and I wouldnt hav lost my steer, nor watch. I never seed that woman before ncr since, and I wouldnt know her from any other woman that walks the yearth—blamd if I'm certain whether she were white or black. Bill, how is your offspring?"

"Hungry as usual, I thank you my friend," sed I.

"How's Mrs. Arp?"

"Rebellious, John, very; but I think she'll be harmonized—atterwhile—atterwhile"

Mr. Editor, I will not relate further of these trying adventures at this time. Big John are now entirely harmonious, and I suppose his future career will be all serene.

Yours as ever, BILL ARP.

P. S.—Mrs. Arp wants you to git back the letters I writ her when she were sweet sixteen. Them ofisers have got em and I suppose have laughd all the funny part away by this time. They contained some fool things that boys will write when they fall in love, and I my wife sometimes used em upon me as reminders of broken promises. She says, if they'll send em, she'll try and forgive em—atterwhile.

Dont trouble yourself much, Mr. Editor, and it will be all the same to me.

B. A.

From the Richmond Times

An interesting Epistle.

MR. SAM TANK TO MR. BILL ARP.
OLD FERGINSY, UNITED STATES
OF AMERIKY, 1865.

SAM TANK to BILL ARP sendth greetin g:

MY DEAR MR. ARP.—Bein tuk with a fit of the cackle this scribent, an orful malarly what sometimes affliks editors and oher literary fikes, and feelin obliged to say somethin to sumboddy by way of lettin off steam, I concluded to rite you you this ere pistil like.

Them ar lettus of yours on the sitty washun of the cuntry was prime; only the spellin wer a little bad, as likewise also the grammar. I dont mean no offense, Mister Arp, for menshuan these ere little peculiarities, but I allers were a little perticular about my anthograpy. When I wer a small slaver, no hier an a three galun jug; I cut Soorytees Jones down, the biggest bui in secol, spellin "Tuky buzzard." After every boddy had mist it, an it cum rou to my time, sez I, "Tuk (tuk) y (ky) (taky) buz (ze) izzard) z (zed) izzard) ar d (buzzard) tuky buzzard. And I allers will remember how Mister Snooks our teacher, smiled, and patted me on the hed, an sez'ee, "Sammy, my boy you's sum punkins on spellin, and sum of these dais will certny lay Mister Walker an Jonsing in the shade." But it aint about yo spellin, Mister Arp, nor yo grammar nuther, I want to say a wurd. I want to give you my sentiments or things generally and them nigger votin bobbyfishuners in perticler.

In the firs place, Mister Arp, what's all this duced tork about gittin back in the Union for? Didnt Mr. Linkum sedane that ar little matter of secession to the satisfashun of everybody, by provin that noboddy never was out of the Union, and never eudent he? So then, Mister Arp, if we aint never been out of the glorious Union, so cald, what's them darn radieles got to do with admittin our Congressmen? Spose they dont allow them to take their seats? I reckon they can stan up.

And, agin, Mister Arp, what's them blame bobbyfishuners kickin up sich a thundershun of a fuss about niggers votin for? Dont the Constitushun, so cald, leave that ar subjic to the States intirely? They aint no Constitushun, an aint got nuthin to do with it. Orent they to be satisfied with what they was fitin for? Didnt they say all the time they was fitin for the niggers and the Union? Well, aint they got the niggers? (Wonder what they are goin to do with 'em?)

As for the Union, aint we all the time exclaimin with the Samit, "Behole, what a delightful thing it is to dwell together in unity," and knockin all the time at the dore of the Yunkon, and askin 'em to let

us in an they won't? Dont you think they ort to let Ole Ferjiny in, Mister Arp, in considerashun of the glorius memery's of the past? Want it here whar Washintun was born—whar Lee fit, and Jackson dyed? An want it here whar Mister Jeffyson writ the Declarashun of Independens, sayin that everybody, white, black and yellar, was born jis alike, an hadent ortent to have nothin to do with noboddy else, and went off to hisself and lived in a mountin-seller? An then, agin, want it here whar Captain Smith fit for the same principle, and nocked Powoyton down with a hickry stick, and was goin to stomp his gizzard out when a she injun named Poky Huntun run up and squealed out "Juna pappytanantawco, Mister Smith" which bein interpreted means, "Dont knoek pa, Mr. Smith."

I say, Mister Arp, dont you think they mite let us all in, in considerashun of these glorius memery's, and the wether gettin cole? Spose we hav had a little family fuss, hasent our big sister of the North pulled our har tel we was reddey to "harmonize?" Harmony ar a gret thing in a family. I aint in favor of no more fitin. I aint in favor of no nockin system. Specially I aint in favor of noboddy nockin me; cause if they do, sumboddy mout git hurt, I won't say who.

Well, Mr. Arp, we are goin to have a big spekin to day in these parts. The burro's goin to tork to the niggers—goin to xplaine fredum to 'em, I spose. Now, what's the use of torkin about nigger fredum? I want to kno whar's the fredum of the press? In the name of Mister Frankling, what printed the firs newspaper in Ameriky. I axes the solum questshun, "whar's the fredum of the press?"—Eeho answers, "whar?" But, in the langwidge of the immortal bard, I an swers,

"Gone glimmerin thru the distanse
Like an ole har's tale,
With fort: hungry doras behine
A yellin on her tale."

Mister Arp, I'm emfatically for the fredum of the press abov all uther fredum. Spose a man gits mad and wants to cuss, how's he g in to do it if he cant say what he wants to? Didnt our 4 fathers say that the fredum of the press was the beginnin of liberty? Howsumever, I spose we've past the beginnin, and maby got pretty nigh the een. Every time our news papers sez anny thing them radakils dont like, they sets up a thunderin big howl, and calls us "ole seesh," which aint pritty. They aint got no manners no how. Tork to 'em Mister Arp, tork to 'em.

But, Mister Arp, the questshun cumms up, "Whar ar liberty?" And abov all, whar ar colored liberty? I wud like to express my opinyuns on these ere subjies but for our unfortunatly possin that ar beginnin aforsed. Mister Grely sez 'tis niggers votin; but then I heered Cezar explainin this ere very questshun tuther day in these ere wards: "Sez'ee, "Brethren, liberty ar a grate big hous—dar de digger set in a big arm cheer by de fier roastin taters, and toastin his shins and drink 14 drams every day." And the congresshun sed, "Amen brudder Cezar!" So you see, Mister Arp, brudders Cezar and Grely dont egzactly agree on them pintes. Spose you tork to 'em, Mister Arp, jes to "harmonize" 'em.

Everybody up here is for Mister Jonsing. As for me, I'm Jonsing all over, inside and out, from hed to heels. I fit at Seving Pines under Jonsing; I yuses Jonsing's die-hunary; I hoorayed for Jonsing when Mister Linkhorn was sassy-nated; I bys my hats for Jonsing and Company; a man nam'd Jonsing makes my Sandy sluse; and when I'm murry—which aint frekwent now adais—I sings this ere

ODE TO JONISING.

Mister Jonsing is the man for us,
Whoopie! whoopie!
Dont he make them radieles cuss,
Whoopie! fiddledee!

Heer ole Harris Grely rore,
Whoopie! whoopie!
Rip, an snort, an snap, an snore,
Whoopie! fiddledee!

They say he's got the belly ake,
Whoopie! whoopie!
He can't digest our Jonsing cake,
Whoopie! fiddledee!

To Mister Jonsing, then, U'll sing,
Whoopie! whoopie!
And make the wuddes aroun' me ring,
Whoopie! fiddledee!

Corn hang them 'ar nigger-votin' bobbyfishuners, I speek the nex thing they'll want to stop us from singin, an make us

"Hang our 'Arp on a willer tree."

They dont do nothin bout 'arpin, 'cept 'tis on the eternal nigger, and then they allers play the lyre.

I hurd, sum time ago, you was goin to run for Congress; but taint so, I dont reckon—wush 'twas—want you to "harmonize" them radieles. Meantime, stay at home with Mrs. Arp an the chilun; an if you gits mad with a nigger, "blue, black or yellar," dont cuss, nor carry him to no burro; jis tork to 'im tel he's "harmonized."

Yese, ectetry,

SAM TANK.

From the Richmond Enquirer. Scene in the U. S. House of Representatives.

"Good mornin, Mr. McPherson."
"Give you good mornin, sweet Gent. Sweet business have you here?"

"We be divers poor gentlemen from Virginis and we have come hither to cntreat entrance at your chamber door."

"On what grounds do you seek admission?"
"In verily, we be loyal men and true, we have ta'en one oath, and the other we will gladly gulp."

"Oalso! Ye be in quest of dollars, a thousand three times told, I ween."

"Nay, but we will gulp the oath, and we be tired of standin in the cold without, and of eatin peanuts withal."

"Marry, come up! your sorrows touch my heart. But ye are Virginians, and methinks your loyalty is somewhat doubtful."

"Say not so, fair si, for we will gulp the oath. Nay, be entreated and let us in, for we are a cold and our wallets are empty."

"But stay, ye claim to represent the people of Virginis?"

"By coek and pie, we do."

"Ye took no part in the rebellion?"

"Not a tittle."

"When your land was invaded, what did ye?"

"Good sooth! we stayed at home."

"When your houses were burnt, your cattle and negroes stolen, and your fields laid waste, what did ye then?"

"We fled to a safer place, and kept out of the army."

"When your brothers and your sons were shot down for defendin a cause they deemed righteous; what then did ye?"

"Zounds! we stood by with folded arms."

"When your mothers were insulted, your wives and daughters scoffed at, and your sisters imprisoned, felt ye no sympathy for them?"

"Not one particle. Nay, start not back in horror, for we are willing to swear it on the Holy Evangelist."

"Aye! for the sake of three thousand ducats per annum, some men will take any oath. Virginians, I trow, are not so base. But when all arms-bearing men were conscripted, with what magic and by what arts withal did ye escape conscription?"

"Gadooks! we had amassed great store of Confederate scrip, and deftly did we use it. Moreover, many of us held numerous African men in bondage, and thereby gained exemption."

"Certes, 'twas a cunning dodge. So then, ye loved the Union?"

"That we did, good sir."

"Ye fought for the Union?"

"Not overmuch, save in our devout prayers, which daily and nightly ascended unto God, our Father, for the success of the Union arms."

"So, so. Being pious men, and ever ready to go to your last account, yet, nevertheless, ye were not willing to peril life for the blessed Union?"

"Nay, be not wroth with us, Mr. McPherson, but be entreated, and let us in, for we will gulp the oath."

"Verily, if ye did not fight for the Union, ye shurely wrote for it?"

"Noble Master McPherson, we did not write, neither did we speak for the Union, for we were afeard."

"Afeard of what?"

"We pray you question not so closely."

"I demand an answer. Say, of what ye were afeard?"

"Softly, softly, gracious, generous sir. An it please you, we were afeard of our property. But we will gulp the oath—oh, how glibly!"

"It appears by your own showing, that ye perilled neither life, limb nor property for the rebels. Also, it appears that ye perilled neither life, limb nor property for the Union. Yet ye claim to love the Union. Faugh! Get ye gone, sirrabs! Avaunt!"

"Nay, precious Master McPherson; but we will gulp the—"

And the door was shut.

Tax on Southern Manufactures.

The following circular, issued by the Secretary of the Treasury on Monday, is highly important to Southern Manufacturers and all those holding articles manufactured in the South:

"TREASURY DEPARTMENT,
February 2, 1866.

"On September 14, 1865, an order was issued by this Department, under the power conferred by section 46 of Internal Revenue Act of June 30, 1864, directing that articles manufactured in the States lately in insurrection, prior to the establishment, of collection districts therein, but retained in possession of the manufacturer until after such establishment, and thus made liable to the current rates of taxation, should be held free from present assessment until transported beyond the limits of the above mentioned States, and should then be subjected only to the tax due at the time of their manufacture."

"The reasons for their exemption were stated briefly at the time of its allowance. It was induced by the fact that manufacturers had, in ignorance of the law, retained large quantities of their products in their own hands, and by the supposed additional fact that much of the property so retained had greatly deteriorated in value."

"Abundant opportunity having now been given for the disposal of these manufactures, there is no good reason for continuing a privilege inconsistent with the general provisions of the law, adverse to the interests of Northern manufacturers, and susceptible, as experience has shown, to very great abuse."

"It is therefore, hereby ordered, that on and after March 1, 1866, all Southern manufactures in possession of the manufacturer shall be held subject to the present rates of duty—no exception being made in any case on account of the date of manufacture."
H. McCULLOCH,
Secretary of the Treasury."